

M. DU CHAILLU IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

A Journey to Ashango Land. And Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa. By Paul du Chailou, Author of "Explorations in Equatorial Africa." The position of an explorer of unknown countries in England is peculiar and very difficult. He returns home with nothing new or striking to relate, he is voted a bore, and he has no chance of being read; if he has some wonders to unfold, connected with Geography, the Nations, or Natural History, the fate of Abyssinian slaves is often sworn and ridiculed, as a theme of fables.

few well-directed shots, and a courageous stand, at length caused the discomfiture of the pursuers, but not before M. du Chailou had been wounded in the side, and Igala, the unlucky cause of all the disaster, but our traveller's friend, and most respected friend, had been wounded in the leg. Happily, all reached the coast in life and health, in September; and M. du Chailou embarked for England, where, in classic Twickenham, he has spent the interval, busily engaged in elaborating the volume which has already given entertainment to thousands, and brought its author into hot water and dispute with his old critic, Mr. Gray, of the British Museum, about *inter alia*, an elegant animal which, for its size, or for some other peculiarity, has been called Potamogeton Vexos.

Persons who have dropped a tear at the unimpeachable chimpanzee at the Crystal Palace will be gratified with the following information about the early history of M. du Chailou. In a note at the end of the chapter in which the following paragraphs occur, M. du Chailou pathetically informs us that "the fire at the Crystal Palace, to which my unfortunate pet for a while occurred, and which these sheets were passing through the press."

every one who came near him, and was obliged to be secured by a forked stick closely applied to the back of his neck. This mode of imprisoning these animals in a very proper one if the object is to keep them alive and to tame them, but, unfortunately, in this barbarous country, we had not the materials requisite to build a strong cage. The injury caused to this one by the forked stick eventually caused his death, as most likely the intervention of the latter animal in charge of Akondoro ought to have afforded an opportunity of sending it to me on the Fernando Vaz."

was engaged in rubbing his body all over with her hands, muttering all the while, in a low voice, words which I could not understand. Having continued this wholesome friction for some time, she took a piece of alambu chalk and made with it a broad stripe along the middle of his chest and down each arm. This done, she chewed a quantity of some kind of roots and seeds, and having charged her mouth with saliva, spit upon him in different places, but among her heaviest shots at the parts most affected. Finally, she took a bunch of a particular kind of grass, which had been gathered when in bloom and was now dry, and lighting it, touched with the flame the body of her patient in various places, beginning at the feet and gradually ascending to the head. I could perceive that Mayolo smarted with the pain of the burns, when the torch remained too long. When the flame was extinguished the woman applied the end of the torch to her patient's body, and so the operations ended.

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